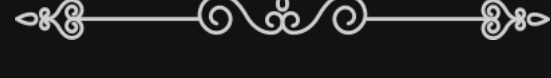


# The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 64— THE TRAINING GROUNDS



Zayd's sleep was disturbed when he felt Quinn slowly and silently freeing herself from his arms. Her breaths were slow and shallow, as if she were afraid he'd hear them.

His eyes peeked open, watching as she carefully shuffled off the bed in the darkness that swamped the room and stood to her feet. She was naked, and though his hands wanted to trace her body like they did mere hours ago, he kept them to himself...not wanting her to know he was awake.

Her clothes scattered on the floor, she bent to pick them up, putting them on then tiptoeing out the door. He knew where she was going...and she'd told him not to follow her, but he was too curious not to.

He'd informed Garth to make it known to the rest of the pack that the training grounds were off-limits...for he truly wanted to give her the privacy she needed to grow, but he wanted to see...at least from afar.

Her struggles were his too, and he knew she was still struggling. She wasn't over it all yet; the betrayal, the loss of her wolf...

He knew her heart was still heavy; dripping blood that was like tears and pumping what felt like pain through her veins. He wanted to make it all better, to stay by her side at all times...but he also wanted to give her what she needed; time to process and accept everything.

She needed space, and he'd give it to her, but he still wanted to be there just in case she fell and needed someone to help her up...just in case her eyes filled with tears and she needed somebody to wipe them.

Shuffling off the bed, he picked up his clothes, pulling them on and walking out the door as well; following her slowly and cautiously until she stepped onto the training grounds.

He stayed a couple meters away from the gate, watching as she stood unmoving in rank two for a while, breathing deeply.

When she finally made a move, it was to do some simple stretch exercises that positioned her body in ways which made her look glorious and sexy.

She did some seated twists, various lunges, shoulder stretch and finished off with a cobra stretch.

She then walked over to the tire, putting the rubber band that protruded from it around her waist. There were three different training routines in rank 2.

A routine that strengthens the core, which is what the tire is for...

A routine that promotes stability, endurance and stamina, which is what the numerous punching bags and dummies are for.

And a routine that increases speed and heightens the senses...and that's what the automatic arrow thrower is for. It has five speeds, and he hoped Quinn would choose none. She wasn't ready for that yet. It was too dark out, to be able to sight the arrows, she at least had to be able to see them.

Trained wolves use their sense of hearing to avoid the arrows, but her advanced sense of hearing died along with her wolf. She could do anything else...just not that.

Folding his arms across his chest, he examined her as she slowly started to pull the tire three times her size across the field. Her leveled breaths heightened; becoming deeper and longer. He could hear her grunts as she strained with the massive and weighty object.

It was obvious she couldn't manage, but she did not stop.

Half-way towards the end of the lane, her legs started to tremble, her groans becoming louder, fiercer. He wanted to step forward, to help her so bad, but he restrained himself...that was until she fell to her knees with a gasp full of pain.

Did she overdo it? Her ankles...did she sprain one of them?

His eyes widened as he rushed towards her, lips spreading to yell out her name, but he did not get to. Before he could even pass the gate, Quinn stood to her trembling legs, sobbing as she pushed herself forward.

His hands clenched by his side as he stepped back, hiding behind the wooden gate, while he continued to watch. Her face was red and contorted in gruesome pain, and tears streamed down those flawless cheeks, wetting them profusely.

Zayd turned away, he didn't want to watch this...she was obviously suffering, trying too hard to be who she once was. Did she not know this was dangerous? Her ligaments...what if something went wrong?

She had been a beta, so pulling a tire that size might've been nothing to her back then, but now...now she wasn't a f\*cking beta anymore, and she was hurting herself trying to be one.

God dammit...! Turning back towards her when he heard a flopping sound, he realized that she'd pull the tire over the line and was now sitting breathlessly against it.

Her hands trembled as she wiped her eyes, getting rid of every trace of her tears...but she could've not bothered. He'd already seen them.

When her face was dry of sweat and tears, she stood to her feet, awkwardly walking over to the one of the punching bags. She didn't even get a proper rest and yet she was taking on another challenge. She was too determined...too stubborn; he'd told her to start from level one...even if it would hurt her pride.

Her first punch was weak...but why f\*cking not? The punching bags here are more than five hundred pounds. She could hurt her wrist if she punched it any harder~

Zayd's train of thought broke when she punched the bag again, harder this time...with too much power, and she kept the punches coming, not stopping even as sweat drained down her face in gallons.

She'd only paused once or twice to flash her hands when they stung, and then she'd get back at it. How could she do this when she said she hadn't trained in a long time? He'd have understood if she still had her wolf, but pulling a huge tire and then punching a five hundred pound bag back to back was too impressive for a mere human.

But even so, he truly hoped she'd finish after this, and he thought she would, however he was wrong. When she stepped away from the punching bag, she took a couple deep breaths before walking her way over to the arrow thrower.

It was then that Zayd's muscles tensed and the need to stop her became more prominent than the darkness that caged the land. His teeth clenched as he forced himself not to move. He shouldn't stop her, she shouldn't know he was here...

But...

Zayd shook his head. No, he had to give her space, if he went out there and tell her not to, he'd seem controlling...it'd seem as though he didn't want to see her grow...she'd probably be angry at him too.

So he stayed behind the gate as she started up the machine, and then stood bravely in front of it as its target.

Every arrow that came out punctured Zayd's lungs even if she sighted them. The machine was at its lowest speed, but that didn't stop him from worrying.

He took a deep breath of relief when she avoided the last one, and then she started to dig the dodged arrows out of the ground, bringing them back to the machine. He thought the torture of watching her torture herself was over, but she started up the machine again and then ran to stand in front of it.

The arrows came out swifter than they did the last time...and though he really wanted to stay hidden, he couldn't do it anymore...this was dangerous, and he wouldn't just stand around and watch her hurt her f\*cking self.

Running out into the open, he yelled out her name in anger, and she twisted towards him while sliding against the dirt in aid of sighting one of the shots. She was moving rather slowly compared to the speed of the arrows, and though she tried her best to overcome the sharp weapons that came at her, one grazed her arm and more damage would've been done if he hadn't rushed to turn it off.

She looked up at him, while groaning out in pain and hanging onto her bleed arm. Zayd ran his hand down his face, hurrying to where she sat. "F\*cking hell...I told you to train in rank one, Quinn! Why would you put it at such a high speed? Level four? Do you wish to f\*cking die?"

"No, I..."

He stooped in front of her. "Let me see your arm."

She winced as he took her injured arm in his hands. "I'm gonna have to take you to the pack doctor."

"No need...it's not deep, it's just a simple graze."

"I don't care, you're going."

He helped her up and instead of looking at him, she held her head down. "How long...? How long have you been here?"

Zayd didn't want to tell her, but at the same time, he didn't want to lie to her. "Since the beginning."

Upon hearing that, Quinn yanked herself out of his arms and finally looked up at him with wide and angry eyes. "I told you not to come, why did you?!"